Glow Worm

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Glow Worm

by Sw4ggyP0t8o

Summary

Will Graham is a photographer who can't resist the best shots, even if the means to get them are a bit... illegal. But it's not like he's been caught anyway. Okay... a few times, but his lawyer got him off. And the shots were SO WORTH IT! His newest endeavour takes place on the Lecter Estate, but this isn't the kind of trouble his lawyer and get him out of.

Chapter 1

Will climbed over the tall, dark, iron fence, landing softly on the other side. His boots making little sound as he walked on the soggy leaves coating the ground. Mist swirled through the tall dark trees and danced around his feet, obscuring the landscape. But he didn't dare use his flashlight, it wasn't worth the risk of getting caught.
He wove through the forest, camera in hand. The trills of unseen birds in the branches far above him echoed in the pressing silence, announcing his presence. He hoped that, if anyone could hear them, they would simply assume it was a wolf or feral cat scaring the birds. Apparently, wolves were common in these parts, which was his excuse if anyone questioned the gun on his hip. In all honesty though, he had brought it in case the owner of this property caught him sneaking around…

Will held back a gasp of surprise, covering his mouth with one hand. He had walked straight into a group of North American elk. They had been so silent and still he had not noticed them. But what unnerved him the most, was their coat. Each one was a deep, oily black, reflecting the faint sunlight in a peculiar manner.
After a longer inspection, they seemed to be covered in feathers rather than fur.

A trick of the light, I need to get going, Will told himself, backing up a few paces before skirting around the gang. A few cows had already spotted him and nudged their calves away from the scruffy man.
Will decided to circle even further when he saw a large bull Elk watching him silently. He only noticed it now as it had been hiding in the shadows, making it hard to tell how truly big it was.
Its large antlers stretched high and branched off in many directions, larger than any other elk Will had ever seen. He had to fight back the urge to flee in terror when it snorted loudly, catching him off guard. In an effort to lift his own spirits, he slowly put a finger to his lips and smiled at the unearthly beast. He then backed away, only daring to face away from it once he was a good distance away. It only occurred to him afterwards that it was late autumn, and the bull should not have had its horns.

Finally, Will arrived at the top of a large crest, one side falling off into large a cliff. A small creek trickled along the base, its music bringing a little more life to its ghostly surroundings. He took off his boots, placing his phone inside them and hung his camera around his neck. He inspected the trees, eventually judging which was taller, and with a strained huff, he began to climb, gripping onto the wet bark.
The tree he chose was incredibly close to the edge, its roots poking out like spider legs off the side. A grey squirrel chirped indignantly when he approached its perch and took off along a branch, jumping down to a different tree.
The climb became easier now as he was among the branches, giving him proper hand holds and footholds, instead of just gripping to the trunk desperately, crawling his way up.
Reaching the top was worth it, as it rewarded him with a gorgeous bird-eye view of the forest. Will knew that a large mansion would have been visible in the distance, had the mist not been so dense. He was slightly disappointed that he could not see it.
Nevertheless, it was not what he had come to photograph.

Wrapping an arm around the trunk, Will fiddled with his camera whilst chewing on his necklace. The piece of chewelry was in the shape of a black leaf with black, dark green and grey beads along the string. It was a gift given to him by his friend Alana before he left on this trip.
He started taking pictures of the treetops, admiring how the mist entwined between the branches. He'd spent perhaps an hour and a half up there before it began to rain, and he was forced to retreat under the cover of the remaining orange and brown leaves.

He scooted down the trunk, holding onto the thickest branches, when he noticed a large dark shape below him. It was the bull elk again.
Will hesitated, clinging to the branches. Had it followed him? No, why would it do that? Then again, the locals seemed to have a lot to say about this property… and the man who owned it… But it was all silly superstition! Either way, that didn't change the fact that it was waiting down there for him.
Will let his necklace drop from his mouth and chuckled nervously. "Uh, hey… sir… could you move along? I need to get my stuff and get out of here…"
He did not dare to make any sudden movements – the bull might attack the tree and send it falling over the edge.
The bull snorted again, in what almost sounded like amusement, before turning around and elegantly walking towards his gang, which Will could see were gathered nearby.
Will breathed a sigh of relief, finally sliding down the trunk and landing on the ground. The cold wet leaves made him shiver with cold and disgust. He put his necklace back in his mouth, chewing on it to deal with the discomfort as he picked up his things. He put on his boots before quickly making his way back to the iron fence. Climbing back over, he made his way home.

As soon as he reached the main road, he felt safe enough to look over the photos he took and proudly noted how well they had turned out; He'd be able to sell these for a good price, and it would look good on his portfolio.
Will hummed as he played with the idea of returning to the forest and snapping a photo of those incredible elk, the idea of meeting that bull again both thrilled and terrified him. It had been so impressive, impressing in a way he knew a photo could not possibly pay proper homage to.

When he returned home to his motel, the rain still poured heavily. He had chosen an unpopular motel for two reasons, one of which was currently scratching at the door to his room, whining louder than they had agreed. Will smiled and opened the door, kneeling to allow the orange and white dog with brown speckles to shower him with affection. It let out a few soft barks, tail wagging fiercely.
"Shhh Winston! I'm not allowed to have dogs here! You need to stay quiet!" Will laughed. He wasn't really worried, since he was the only guest, and the owners were out most of the time. Besides, he wasn't exactly disciplining Winston to obey him. He just couldn't resist that silly mutt's cute face.

Chapter 2

Will found himself back by the cliff. The mist was even thicker than before – if he stretched his hand in front of him, his hand would disappear in the white cloud.
The delicate trickling of the creek far below and the uncomfortable wet leaves by his feet were the only things letting him know where he was. Why did I take off my shoes?
Instinctively he went for his necklace to ease himself, but as his hands brushed his neck, they found nothing. Why did I take off my necklace?
He needed to see where he was. He searched his person for his phone, hoping that using the flashlight would aid him see through the thick fog.
He couldn't find it. He double and triple checked every pocket. Nothing. Where is my coat?
His fingers began to go numb in the cold. Where are my gloves?
He must have left his things back at the tree.
The sound of the creek seemed to have gotten stronger, as if it had doubled in size.
Will stepped forward to look for his phone before catching himself as his foot felt nothing. He'd nearly stepped off the cliff.
He stepped back onto firm ground, shivering at the chill wind that blew past. The trickling of the creek had turned to splashing, growing louder and louder by the minute.
He looked behind him and saw that the wind had blown the fog away, revealing a clear path. At the end of it sat his phone. He stumbled towards it, slipping on the wet leaves.
Now the sound of the stream could only be described as crashing, and the air got colder and colder.
A dark shadow appeared behind the phone, just barely concealed by the mist. Will stopped in his tracks, frightened. The shadow stepped forward, its footsteps not making a sound, revealing the giant dark bull elk. It towered over him, his phone between its front legs. He raised his arms up carefully, trying to console the creature.
The elk just stared at him silently, daring him to come closer.
Will took one, gingerly step forward. His heartbeat started pounding harder against his ribcage as the freezing air bit at his exposed skin, and the thundering stream overpowered his ears.
The elk rushed forward and charged at Will.
Before he could react, the gigantic antlers skewered him on impact. He yelled in pain, but it was lost in the deafening sound of the water.
Carried by the elk, spitting out blood and gasping, he was taken to the edge of the ridge, where he finally fell off the bull's antlers and down into the creek, which was now a huge, thrashing ocean.
Will felt his ribs break when he impacted with the surface of the water, sinking into its depths. He gasped for air with his damaged lungs, but only managed to swallow salty, suffocating water. He was drowning. His blood ran hot in his panic, only amplified by the crashing water, which he could still hear. His vision darkened…

Will's eyes snapped open, and he gasped, filling his lungs with cool night air. He lay, sweaty and shaking, in his bed. This had woken up Winston, who had been sleeping on the bed beside him. The dog whimpered in surprise, cuddling up to his owner. Will sat up, running his hand through Winston's fur, and flapping the other to calm himself down. Eventually, his heartbeat had slowed to a more manageable speed and he felt the risk of a meltdown fade.

The details of the nightmare began to slip from his mind, teasing him with only vague sensations of what it had been like. But it was gone and trying to recall it would be futile.

Will washed his face in the sink in the bathroom, heaving a heavy sigh as he dried himself off. He took a few moments just to look into his reflection's eyes, hyping himself up to go back to bed.
A clatter rang out in the other room. Will smiled, sure that Winston must have knocked something over.
He opened the door, ready to give Winston his best scolding glare. Hoping he wouldn't try the puppy eyes he couldn't resist. Instead, he was greeted by the silhouette of a human figure, rifling through the bedside drawers. Turns out Winston had been a bit too much of a good dog and had failed to alert Will that an intruder and broken into their motel room.
The intruder turned in surprise as the light from the bathroom filtered into the room. Will stepped back and grabbed a razor from the sink, brandishing it in front of him. Relying on his body language to scare whoever they were off, as he'd gone nonverbal during his nightmare.
The intruder panicked and leapt at him, ready to pin him down. On instinct, Will held his hand up his hand holding the blade, swinging it blindly in an effort to intimidate them.
The blade ripped through skin, and blood began spraying over the white bathroom walls, and onto Will. The intruder choked and sputtered, holding their throat, trying to slow the flow of blood.
It wasn't working. Will looked at the face of a teenage girl, her eyes wide and her mouth open. Her black beanie had fallen off, revealing long brown hair that fell to her shoulders.
She collapsed to the ground, gasping for breath, looking up at Will in panic, begging for help.
He froze, staring at the scene at his feet.
Finally, instinct kicked in and he raced out the door. He dropped the razor, quickly getting dressed and grabbing his phone and gun. The door was already open. He ran outside, urging Winston to follow him.
Thankfully, Winston sensed Will's panic and followed.
Will didn't dare take his car – the police could track his number plates. Instead he decided to hike.
Oh god. Where can I go? What do I do? Where will I be safe? Somewhere isolated… Somewhere I can hide… The Lecter property! They'll never find me. There're miles of untouched woodland.

After hours of trudging through mud and roots, the two neared the Lecter property, the dark iron gates looming, like prison bars or sharp spikes, waiting to impale an unsuspecting soul.
Winston began to slow, whimpering quietly. His head lowered and his tail between his legs.
Looking at those gates, Will felt like doing the same, but he had to keep going.
Will coaxed Winston, patting his side reassuringly, trying to convince himself as much as the dog.
Winston only slowed more, eventually coming to a stop as the gates towered over the two. He whined louder, begging Will to stay with him.
Will scratched his ears, and gently pushed him forward, Winston just backed away, ears flat against his head.
Will tried again and again to get Winston to come with him, to no avail.
Will sighed, realising it was useless, he had no choice.
He had to leave Winston behind.
He turned on his heel and climbed the fence. He hadn't had time to change his shirt so the

blood on his hands and sleeves smeared on the bars. It was so cold that it hadn't dried yet. Over the fence he went and down to the other side. Winston began whining louder and louder, barking at his friend, pleading with him to come back. Will's heart broke, but he forced himself not to look back at Winston, or he would never be able to leave.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

> The formatting of this chapter is a bit different, I hope it's a bit easier to read! Tell me if it's confusing and I'll go back to my old format.

Will was exhausted after his midnight adventure, but he couldn't sleep. It should have been light already, but the lay of the land in this forest didn't allow the sun to shine through while it was low in the sky. Leaving it cold and dark, extending the haunting night.

Will couldn't even hear the call of an owl or the footsteps of some night-time creature. He would have done anything to know that he wasn't the only one in these woods. Now, he had only his thoughts. He wasn't running anymore, and all the adrenaline had drained from his body. He was thirsty and hungry and cold, but above all, he was scared.

Over and over again, he could see the young girl clutching at her throat, blood spurting through her hands as she tried to choke out a call for help. He couldn't believe that he'd really done that. He couldn't believe that he'd really killed someone. A person. Her blood was still caked on his hands and pyjama shirt.

Will curled up, his back to a tree as he tried to organize his thoughts, salty tears had snuck out from his eyes and were trickling down his face. He sniffled pathetically in the dark, trying to keep warm, finally falling into an uneasy slumber.

When he woke again, it was to the joyful singing of birds high up in the trees. The sun was high in the sky and beginning to dip down again. He was squinted and blinked in the warm light, letting his eyes adjust, rubbing the sleep out of them.

He got up and decided to make his way to the nearest stream, using the exercise to warm himself. As he trudged through the mud and leaves, Will pondered what he would do next. He could hand himself in and claim self-defence, but the way she died would be difficult to prove as an accident. And the police aren't very understanding to autistic people like him. He could end up spending the rest of his life in prison.

As he arrived at a stream, he dropped to his knees and began washing his hands in it. The freezing water made his fingers numb, but at least most of the blood was coming off. He didn't even try to clean his shirt, as the blood would definitely stain. And if he got it wet, he'd get a cold.

Will was taken aback when he looked downstream to find that the gang of elk had appeared again. The gap in the trees allowed more light to shine down, allowing him to get a better look at the creatures. He could see that their coat really was completely black, but he'd have

to get closer to tell if they actually had feathers instead of fur. They probably didn't, that would be silly. Will scanned the undergrowth, searching for the large bull elk from yesterday.

Maybe it's hiding in the shadows again? He wondered.

But no matter how much he looked; there was no sign of the beast.

An idea creeped into Will's mind. Perhaps he should follow the herd, they were bound to leave plenty of tracks which would cover up his own. And even if someone did see them, they would guess that he was a hunter, instead of an outlaw. He'd have to follow at a distance and to try and remain downwind so as to avoid scaring them.

He got up slowly and backed away from the water. He circled around the trees, keeping the elk in view as he made his way downwind. It was quite boring, since they didn't move very much. Many times, he fell asleep briefly and had to track down the elk again when he woke up. Still no trace of the bull.

The daylight and warmth disappeared as quickly as it appeared. Tracking the elk became nearly impossible, their inky-black pelts merging with the shadows that dominated the world.

A howl rang out through the dark.

Great, now there are wolves.

Will sped up, shuffling a little closer to the direction he though the herd was in for some more security. Wolves target the animal separated from the rest after all. The outcast.

Is that what Will had become? An outcast? He'd already been a bit of an outcast. Most people were uncomfortable around him because of his different way of communicating. They didn't like when he wouldn't look them in the eyes or wouldn't understand their sarcasm. They'd call him childish for his special interests or when he stimmed. Their way of communicating didn't fit well with Will, so he was happy to spend most of his time outdoors, with only Winston for company.

Of course, not everyone was like that. Will got along well with Alana, so well they tried dating each other once. Turns out they only liked each other as friends. Will got along somewhat with Jack, his lawyer. Poor guy has had to get Will out of a dozen trespassing charges. But he was really good at it at least! And he got along with Jimmy, Brian, and Beverly. But he still preferred Winston's company.

Either way, there was no way he could come back to society now. Not after what he did. Another howl.

The elk began to huff nervously, and Will could hear their hoof steps become more erratic.

A growl. An elk's screaming.

The herd began to run, stampeding over the forest floor. Will felt their panic absorb him and he began running as well. Scrambling to get out of the elks' way. One young cow hurtled towards him, slamming into him suddenly and making him stumble.

Will felt a sharp pain stab up his leg from his ankle. He fell to the ground, overwhelmed by the pain and the cold and the growling and the screaming and the galloping. He held his hands over his ears, shut his eyes tightly and rocked back and forth. Trying to calm himself down, hoping no elk would run into him again, and no wolf would find him…

A voice. A man. He was yelling at something.

Will was too overstimulated to make out that he was saying, but some of the other noise seemed to have died down.

Then all was quiet.

Will wasn't sure how long he spent sitting there, rocking back and forth. He'd started chewing on his necklace again and was flapping his hands. It took a while for him to calm himself down, especially without Winston there. And because he couldn't get away from the cold or the pain in his ankle. Which had become a strong throbbing.

When Will could think properly again, he checked his pockets to make sure he hadn't dropped anything. His gun was still by his side and his phone was still in his pocket. Oops, he forgot that he had brought his gun. Though it was probably best that he hadn't tried to use it while he was having a meltdown.

He tried to stand up, but he felt more stabbing pain from his ankle when he tried to put weight on it. He gritted his teeth and leaned against the nearest tree, looking around the clearing.

Who was that person? Were they okay? Are they okay? They didn't seem like they were in pain, Will could usually tell. Then again, he hadn't exactly been in the best mindset. But that person had had such a strong presence, almost infecting the air around them.

Perhaps that was Hannibal?

Hannibal Lecter was the man who supposedly owned the Lecter Property. But… that wouldn't make sense.

The forums that Will had stumbled across while scoping out the Lecter property claimed that Hannibal Lecter had migrated from Lithuania to the US in 1870. That would make him well over a hundred years old. Maybe he had a son? Or a grandchild? A child or significant other was never mentioned. Plus, he looked the exact same whenever he was spotted on the rare occasions he'd leave his manor. Even in the last few years.

But that wasn't the strangest thing. Will didn't really have an interest in horror stories or cryptids. But the things people said about Hannibal definitely caught his attention.

Some say he has a grudge against the local church. To the extent that he slaughtered the pigs of the Priest's family. No one could prove it was him, however. And the way in which they were slaughtered was unusually beast-like. Will felt uneasy whenever he thought about the strange stories people had shared.

Hang on… The stores weren't what was making Will uneasy. He felt the presence here. With him.

Will peered into the shadows, still holding on to the tree. There was something in the dark, but he couldn't quite make it out.

"What are you doing on my land?"

Will jumped in surprise. The voice sounded emotionless, but firm. The sense of danger filled the air – like the growl of those wolves, only silent. He reached for his gun, backing away from where he thought the voice had come from. He made a note of where his phone was in case he needed to explain himself.

The voice came again, this time from right behind his shoulder.

Will whipped around, spotting a large figure standing behind him. A loud BANG filled the air. He'd fired his pistol.

The figure swung at him and he fell to the ground. His vision went black.

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

I forgot to get a second opinion on this chapter because i was so impatient to to post it, hopefully it's okay 😅

Will felt something cold resting on his forehead. As he gradually became more aware, he could feel the same sensation on his ankle. He realised he was lying in a bed. He gently kicked the icepack off his foot and propped himself up, letting the icepack on his head fall off. It was easier to think without the cold.

Will opened his eyes and surveyed the room. Only the faintest bit of light managed to make its way past the thick curtains that had been pulled over the window, leaving the room in a comfortable darkness. The room had a bed and a small bedside table. Other than that, it was completely bare.

Will turned his attention to his ankle. It was swollen, as he had expected, but it had been carefully bandaged. His stim toy was still around his neck, so he bit down on it as he eased himself down from the bed and stood up. Shifting his weight onto his uninjured ankle.

Slowly, he limped to the door. Will pulled it open and froze in surprise. Someone had been standing behind it.

“Where are you going?”

The voice was deep, and had a heavy accent that Will guessed was northern European. His eyes fell onto a formal, grey checkered suit. He didn’t dare turn around and look for his phone, so he stayed silent.

“You should be in bed, resting.”

The man stepped forward, reaching a hand out. Will flinched backwards, causing the man to falter and drop his hand.

“You really should not be walking, you sprained your ankle and it needs time to heal. You should keep the ice on it as well…”

The man continued to lecture Will on how to take care of his injury. Keep the bandages on until the swelling is gone, keep it elevated, if you have to move use crutches, etcetera. Will didn’t pay that much attention to the instructions. He didn’t need to anyway. This wasn’t the first time he’d sprained something. Instead, he listened to the man’s voice. Will could swear that this was the same man who he had heard the night before.

But… I shot that guy. This person is fine.

“I will bring you food and medicine as to minimise your need to move. Now, you really must rest. I will leave you in peace.”

Will snapped back to the present just in time. He put up his hand with one finger up, signalling for the man to wait.

Maybe if I can get my phone, I can ask him what the hell is going on.

While Will wasn’t great at understanding body language, the man seemed to stop and wait, so Will felt safe to turn away towards hobble towards his bed to get his phone. But when he turned around again, phone in hand, the doorway was empty.

Will sighed and put down his phone again. People rarely had enough patience to try to talk to him, especially when he went non-verbal. At this point, Will had basically stopped trying. Hence his rather small friend group that mainly consisted of dogs.

He turned towards the window and pulled the curtains apart. The view was *stunning.* It was a carpet of red and orange leaves, glistening with moisture. The wind made them rustle pleasantly. It was the same view that Will risked his first expedition onto the Lecter Property for.

Oh.

Ohhhhh fuck.

-

Will stepped away from the window, bringing his hand to his face.

*Am I **in** the Lecter Mansion? I must be, there's nowhere else I could be. But then, that man, he must definitely be Hannibal if he lives in the Mansion. Or maybe he's some kind of groundskeeper? Shit, if I'd looked at his face, I would know.*

Will shook his head, sitting down onto the bed. This put him in a strange situation. He was still on the run from the police, and he was very lucky that maybe-Hannibal hadn't reported him for trespassing.

Though, that might not be such a good thing. Some of the stories online said that Hannibal preferred to punish people that slighted him himself. But those were just stories, right? You can't trust everything they say on the internet. He would have been arrested if he'd really killed those people…

Will took a deep, shaky breath, which turned into a yawn. All the exhaustion from the night before hitting him like a truck. He needed sleep. he closed the curtains and begrudgingly placed the icepack back onto his foot. He was too tired to think anyway, and his exhaustion would probably quickly defeat the uncomfortable cold. And it did. As soon as his head hit the pillow, he passed out.

He found himself in an elegant room. On the walls hung exquisite paintings, and above was a balcony covered in bookshelves. The ground was covered with rugs and sitting above them were sofas and a large desk. Sat behind that desk was a man. The same man from before. His face was hidden in shadows. Above him, was a black stag head. No. it was an elk, the same elk from before.

Will watched in horror as the bull's antlers began to grow, and grow, and grow. More and more thorns sprouted from the antlers and reached out across the office. First, they snaked across the walls, then began to encroach into the centre of the room. Soon, it had Will snared within it. He was unable to move without stabbing himself on the antlers.

Dark red flowers started to bloom from the antlers, turning their 'heads' towards the man, as he stood up and made his way across the room, towards Will, completely unhindered by the thick wall of thorns.

The man reached out, placing a hand on Will's cheek, then it slid down to his neck, where Will felt a sharp piercing feeling, as the man had dug his nails into his skin. Will was frozen in place, shivering in fear, as the man's eyes began to glow red, and behind him, the elks did the same. Long, sharp fangs began to grow out of the mouths of the two creatures, poking out from their lips.

Will's awakening was fitful, he could see that the blankets had fallen off the bed, and the icepack off his ankle. He took a few minutes to orient himself and steady his breathing. When he had calmed down, he turned his attention to the nightstand. Leaning against it was a pair of crutches. On the nightstand was a bowl of some kind of soup, and some small capsules. Will guessed that that was the medicine that that man had promised him.

Yeah, no way in hell I'm taking those.

Will heard his stomach growl. When was the last time he'd eaten? He reached for the bowl and scarfed down the soup. It was the most heavenly chicken soup he'd ever tasted.

He sighed happily; wishing he had savoured it more.

Will pushed himself off of the bed and grabbed the crutches, grateful for their help. He chewed on his stim toy, though more out of habit than for the pain.

Grabbing his phone, he hopped over to the door and pulled it open. The hallway was empty.

I should go find this guy again and check if it's really Hannibal.

Tentatively, he stepped into the hallway, balancing on the crutches. Will began to stalk the corridors, peaking into every room where the door wasn't locked. There were surprisingly few unlocked doors, maybe that man didn't want him snooping around.

The mansion was old and filled with dust. It looked like no one had walked these halls in years. Everything was organised. Almost all of the drawers Will could find were locked, and those that weren't were mostly empty, save for academic journals and newspapers. The books he could find were all heavy and were either great classical stories and mythologies or textbooks on medicine and psychology. The books were clearly cleaner than the furniture, though still put away neatly. Whoever lived here must have read these a lot.

Beautiful, intricately detailed paintings could be found everywhere, depicting everything from epic battles to tender lovers to soft scenery. None of which Will recognised. Upon closer inspection, the same scrawling signature could be found in the corners of the canvases.

Will frowned as he tried to make out any letters in the signature, but it was too vague to tell anything more than a capital 'H' at the beginning.

Sighing in annoyance, Will took a step back away from the painting, admiring the artist's depiction of a darkly clothed warrior charging through a battlefield at midnight, eyes blazing red.

"I am quite fond of that piece; do you like it as well?"

Will jumped in fright and turned to face the man from before, recognising his voice. How long had he been standing behind him???

“My apologies if I surprised you, I am naturally quiet.” The man bowed his head to emphasize his apology.

Will breathed out shakily and grabbed his phone, using his AAC app to ask,

“How long have you had this artwork?”

The man hesitated, seemingly surprised at the use of his phone, before replying,

“I… couldn’t say. It feels like I’ve had it for centuries.” He smiled and chuckled slightly, as if telling a joke. But, somehow, it didn’t feel like one to Will.

Will forced himself to look up at the man’s face properly, comparing its features to the few pictures he had seen of Hannibal Lecter. He wasn’t sure but... they seemed pretty similar. Only one way to be sure…

“Are you Hannibal Lecter?” the electronic voice asked.

The man smiled knowingly again, “I am known by that name, yes.”

That’s a weird answer, but I guess it is an answer.

“So, this is the Lecter Manor?”

“You’re observant, aren’t you?”

Again, weird answer.

“Why am I here?”

“To rest of course! You are injured, I can’t just expect you to walk around on a damaged ankle. That would be against my morals as a doctor.”

This caught Will by surprise. He hadn’t read anything about Hannibal Lecter being a doctor, or anything about his profession, really.

“…I didn’t know you were a doctor.”

“Few people do, I was unable to revive my business here in the states. Some people disliked my methods, so I was shut down.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Oh, don’t be sorry. I am not having any issues with livelihood, as you can see.” Hannibal motioned to his lavish house that they stood in, “I have plenty to support myself with from my life in Europe. May I show you some other artworks of mine?”

Will sensed that Hannibal was changing the subject, but he did want to explore further, so he nodded.

Hannibal smiled at Will and began making his way further down the hall. Will made a move to follow and placed a bit too much pressure on his foot, wincing in pain. Almost instantly, Hannibal had turned around and held Will’s shoulder to steady him. Will flinched away again, making his ankle flare up even more. He hissed in pain.

“Hm, did you not take the medicine I provided you?”

Will shook his head, waving his hand dismissively. Hannibal’s expression hardened and he placed a hand on Will’s arm, beginning to gently pull him back towards the room. This time, Will felt a bit too afraid to resist it.

“You must do as I tell you too, or you will not get better. There is no point in suffering needlessly.”

Hannibal led Will back into the room he had woken up in and to the bedside, urging Will to sit down on the bed while Hannibal poured a glass of water and handed him the capsules.

“Drink.” Hannibal ordered sternly.

Will did as he was told, taking a sip of water. He felt Hannibal’s eyes on him as he threw the capsules into his mouth and swallowed. He felt uncomfortable being ordered around like this, but he was scared that something bad would happen if he disobeyed.

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